

RECORD RUSH OF EASTER HOLIDAY MAKERS

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

No. 6,054.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1923

One Penny.

EASTER BY THE SEA

IN CRITICAL STATE



Making a joyous way to the sea edge quite unregarding the discomforts of their path.



A tiny child on the South Coast reveling in her first sight of the sea, and hugely enjoying the sunshine.



Mr. Shortt, the former Home Secretary, at Waterloo on his way to Ilfracombe.



The Earl of Carnarvon, who is now reported to be critically ill at Cairo, photographed with his daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert.



Crowds at Waterloo Station queue up for the trains to the seaside.

This Easter has seen the greatest exodus from London that has been known so early in the year since the war. And so far the optimism of the crowds seems justified. Weather reports from the seaside speak of plenty of sunshine, and only in the western counties do the experts expect rain. Great crowds left London by railway, road and air.



Lord Porchester, the heir, and his wife, expected to reach Egypt to-day.



Lady Carnarvon, who has hurried to her husband's bedside.

The Earl of Carnarvon, the discoverer of the tomb of King Tut-ankh Amen, is now reported to be critically ill at Cairo. He suffered originally from erysipelas, following a mosquito bite, but pneumonia has supervened and his four doctors, it is stated, do not disguise the danger of this complication. They have warned his relatives that his condition is most serious.

FRANCE MOURNS DEAD ACTRESS.

Great Funeral Tribute to Mme. Bernhardt.

PAUSE AT THEATRE

Noted People Walk Behind Hearse for 6 Miles.

All Paris, from the most distinguished to the humblest of its citizens, mourned when, on Thursday, the coffin of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was borne through densely crowded but hushed streets to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise.

Cabinet Ministers and leaders of art, letters and the stage were among those who followed the hearse on foot along the six-mile funeral route.

Five carriages were filled with wreaths and other floral tributes to the great actress' memory; many of these came from admirers in Britain.

There was an impressive pause for one minute in front of the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

10,000 OUTSIDE CHURCH.

Fisherfolk's Simple Rite at Country Home of Tragedienne.

Streets surrounding the little church of St. Francis de Sales were already thronged when the coffin containing the great tragedienne's remains were brought thither at 8.30 on Thursday morning.

Immediately it had arrived, says the Exchange, the police ropes off the thoroughfare, and estimated that 10,000 people gathered in the streets near the church.

A long line of taxis arrived continuously at the church all the morning, bearing flowers.

Among the largest wreaths was one of violets from the city of Paris, and it did five men to carry it.

Floral tributes from London included one from Miss Marie Tempest, and others from the actors of the London Coliseum, Mr. C. B. Cran, Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Sir Oswald Lytton.

Under, by knocking thrice—which is the conventional signal for the raising of Paris theatre curtains—started the church service.

SIMPLE CHORAL SERVICE.

The nave of the church, says Reuter, was draped with black curtains, embroidered with the crosses and the initials "S.B." The organ, against which huge beautiful wreaths were laid, stood in the centre of the nave.

After a short, simple choral service, the coffin was borne to a black and silver covered hearse with white flowers, and the procession left the church at 1.10.

At least five carriages heaped high with flowers of all colours, then came the hearse, followed by a long stream of mourners' cars.

The mourners included Mme. Bernhardt's daughter, one of whom carried a cushion on which was pinned the cross of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Behind all walked a vast multitude, composed chiefly of members of the theatrical profession.

The line of march of the funeral cortege was with people, the Exchange adds, and the Madeline and Rue Royal were impassable.

MINISTER AS MOURNER.

The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Leon Bourgeois, walked the entire six miles of the route to the church to the cemetery.

On the cortege passed the Sarah Bernhardt hearse paused a moment in front of the dressing-room, which was draped with crepe.

A funeral took place in the tomb which Mme. Bernhardt had constructed in Pere Lachaise, in which her mother already lay.

At the small mausoleum in antique style, the centre being in the shape of a coffin in black marble.

With simple and touching ceremony, the inhabitants of Belle Isle, the country home of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, participated in the tribute to the great artist.

Followed by the population, the municipal representatives of the island went at noon to the fortification of Poulaines, of which she was so fond, and there, in impressive silence, the fishermen and workmen piled up the threshold and the little drawbridge with camellias and flowers of the island.

12,000 TIRED OF LIFE.

79 Millionaires and 900 Children Among U.S. Suicides in 1922.

Seventy-nine millionaires were among 12,000 people who committed suicide in the United States in 1922.

Statistics of the Save-a-Life League show that these wealthy life-weary ones were bank presidents and heads of great business concerns.

Others more or less prominent included fifty-two judges and lawyers, eighty-four physicians, nineteen clergymen and fifty college professors and schoolteachers.

The fact that more than 900 children destroyed themselves caused an even greater shock to the community.

SELF-STYLED M.B.

Layman Who Gave Medical Certificate for Girl.

FATAL OPERATION.

For using the titles of Bachelor of Medicine and Master of Surgery, implying that he was registered under the Medical Acts, R. Cunningham Strachan, Cambridge-road, Hammer-smith, was fined £10. The Medical Defence Union prosecuted.

The case arose out of the recent prosecution at the Old Bailey of a woman who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for performing an operation which resulted in the death of Daisy Smith, a teacher employed by the London County Council.

For the prosecution, Mr. G. D. Roberts, said Strachan met in a public house a man named Gould, a motor engineer, who was arranging to take Miss Smith to a house for the purpose of an operation.

It was necessary, said Mr. Roberts, that Miss Smith should get a medical certificate exempting her from her duties at the school, and Gould, who knew the defendant as "Doc," asked him to give a certificate, telling him that the girl was ill.

Subsequently, counsel said, Strachan gave a second certificate to the effect that Miss Smith was fit to resume her duties.

The Magistrate (Mr. Forbes Lankester): Was Gould dealt with?

Counsel: Unfortunately, the case against Beaumont could not be proved without Gould's evidence, and he was called for the prosecution as a witness as King's evidence. The prosecution said they much regretted that another course could not be followed.

The magistrate said he would not grant costs, as there was no suggestion that Strachan knew for what purpose the certificates were wanted.

PERFUMES OF LOVE.

Wonderful Scents at "Daily Mirror" Fashion Fair.

Women and love are inseparable. Love cannot be defined and Roger and Gaillet, in complete understanding, have discovered, in the Fleur d'Armour, the perfume of perfumes.

This wonderful perfume and many others will have their place in The Daily Mirror International Fashion Fair, to be held at Holland Park Hall, London, W., from the 16th to the 28th of next month.

Atkinson, whose beautiful houses in London and Paris—reminiscent of old Italy—form a fitting shrine for the wonderful perfumes distilled from the rarest flowers, is happily prepared with a wonderful exhibit of new-found perfumes.

The Parfums d'Orsay, of which La Rose d'Irany is the most famous, are equally dear to the heart of woman.

Superflora, the name covering the widest field of perfumes known in our modern civilisation, will exhibit several hundred varieties.

NAGGING AND A MORAL.

Story of "Marriage by Instalments" at the Ambassadors Theatre.

By Our Dramatic Critic.

The new comedy, "Marriage by Instalments," by Bernard Shaw and Richard Bird, produced at the Ambassadors Theatre on Thursday evening, is about a young couple who find that married love does not run smooth on the "instalment" plan.

Turle-dovdom is sadly disturbed by the fact that the furniture instalments could not be met.

Domestic worries, fray the nerves of both, and the "nagging" stage is soon reached.

The husband then gets a "second chance" to make good in business, and the wife goes into hysterics at the thought of parting from him.

Nevertheless, he is adamant: away he goes to Mexico and makes good (in oil).

She stays at home and makes good also (boarding-house, London).

When he returns they are, after a certain amount of skirmishing, reunited. Moral—uncertain.

The play has many good scenes intermixed with much irrelevant matter, but the authors do not make it clear whether it is furniture on the hire system or love on the intensive system which causes the temporary failure of marriage.

Mr. Henry Kendall is excellent as the husband, and Miss Muriel Alexander shows talent (with a tendency to over-act) as the wife.

Miss Nadine March, as a self-sufficient girl, gives a highly accomplished performance, and there is a richly comic creation by Mr. Frank Bertram as an "instalment" man.

"MAKING RACING PAY."

Full holiday racing programmes and special reports on Northern Thoroughbred horses, together with telegrams from experts at all the training centres, will be published in to-morrow's Weekly Dispatch.

\$900 SAFE HAUL,

Thieves' Phone Ruse to Break Into Post Office.

"ANYBODY THERE" CALL.

A daring robbery has just been reported to Scotland Yard, whereby thieves entered Merton Bridge Post Office and removed a heavy safe containing \$900 worth of Treasury notes, coin, savings certificates and postal orders.

Access was obtained to the shop at the back of the building, and the safe was carried out through a back window.

It is surmised that the robbery took place about eight o'clock in the evening during the absence of the sub-postmaster.

Shortly before that time neighbours heard the telephone bell ringing in the shop, but as no one was at home it was not answered.

It is considered that the telephone call was made by the burglars to ascertain whether anyone was at home, and that the raid was carried out immediately afterwards.

Part of the post office premises is utilised for the sale of provisions and groceries, and a scene of great disorder was revealed in the shop and the living rooms above.

Uplstairs various pieces of furniture and rugs had been thrown in a heap, and a large number of ornaments had been smashed. Havo had been wrought in the post office itself. The few stamps and official documents which had not been locked up in the safe were scattered in all directions.

MAUNDY GIFTS.

Silver Pennies Part of the King's Distribution to Poor.

The picturesque and ancient ceremony of the distribution of royal Maundy gifts took place on Thursday in Westminster Abbey to the aged and deserving poor, there being fifty-eight men and fifty-eight women, the numbers of each sex corresponding with the age of the King.

The gifts were arranged in two lines in the choir of the Abbey, and the Dean of Wells, his Majesty's Lord High Almoner, passed between their ranks and handed to each the allotted sum.

Of those too feeble to attend the Abbey service, a proportion attended later at St. James' Palace to receive their gift, and in other cases the money was forwarded by post.

The most interesting part of the gifts took the form of specially-minted small silver coins equal in amount to one penny for each year of the Monarch's age. The small Maundy was given in penny, twopenny, threepenny and fourpenny pieces.

£7,000 IN FILM PRIZES.

"Sunday Pictorial" Contest to Help the British Legion.

To-morrow's Sunday Pictorial will, in addition to a host of splendid features and articles, afford another opportunity to win one of the large prizes in the £7,000 film contest.

Readers whose coupon most nearly coincide with the mass vote of competitors as to the twelve best and most popular films contained in a given list of twenty will be awarded prizes ranging from £3,000 to £5 each.

Prizes, however, are not the sole inducement to enter. All the proceeds after deduction of the prize money, etc., will go to the British Legion, which is rendering noble service to ex-soldiers, no charge having been made by the Sunday Pictorial for its services, which has borne the entire cost of preliminary publicity.

Those who intend to enter for the contest should order their copy now, as to-morrow's issue is bound to be in great demand.

VICAR'S FOOTBALL BAN.

Protest Against Games Being Played on Good Friday.

A protest against football matches or any other games being played on Good Friday is again made by the Rev. Bruce Cornford, vicar of St. Matthew's, Southsea.

Writing in his parish magazine, he says: "The State has made Good Friday a day free from all civil and religious business and trade, not for the purposes of a national holiday, but that on that day the country may follow its natural bent to the grave."

Vast turbulent crowds, he adds, gathered simply to enjoy themselves at the expense of others. It was an outrage upon good form and manners. He suggested to the Players' Union that in future contracts with League players a clause should be inserted that it should not be obligatory upon a player to play in League or friendly games either on Good Friday or Christmas Day.

HUNTING CLERGYMAN DROWNED.

The Rev. Arthur Gaisford, fifty-three, formerly rector of Tangmere, near Chichester, who was well known in the hunting field, was found drowned in the Chichester Canal this morning.

HOTEL RIDDLE OF DEAD WOMAN.

No Clue to Identity of Pretty "Mrs. Rowan."

FIVEPENCE IN PURSE.

Name Tabs Cut from Clothes—Tour of Theatres.

Considerable mystery surrounds the dramatic death of the young and pretty woman who called herself "Mrs. Rowan," and who was found dead in the area at the Bonnington Hotel, Southampton-row, London, beneath an open window.

She was apparently a visitor to London and had been staying at the hotel about ten days. Numerous programmes found among her possessions indicated that she had done much theatregoing, and the night before her death she told a waitress that she had been to the Divorce Court.

All marks of identity had been cut or obliterated from her clothing, and there was only fivepence in her purse.

DIVORCE COURT VISIT.

"Mrs. Rowan's" Home Believed To Be in North of England.

Apparently about thirty years of age, "Mrs. Rowan" had the appearance of a well-to-do visitor in London from a holiday.

She was well dressed, and she had an abundance of dark brown hair, the beauty of which was emphasised by her delicate complexion.

On the day preceding the tragedy "Mrs. Rowan" had breakfast late, and then left the hotel, not returning until night.

In her bedroom after her death were found a number of theatrical programmes, and it is obvious that she had spent most of her evenings at the theatre.

To the staff at the hotel "Mrs. Rowan" always appeared to be a merry little woman—she was 5ft. 6in.—with plenty of money and with not a care in the world.

Last Saturday she paid her hotel bill and intimated that she would be staying on for another week.

FROM THE NORTH?

On Tuesday night, as she sat at dinner, it was noticed that her face was a trifle pale. She ate little, and to a waitress she explained that she had been listening to the cases in the Divorce Court and was disgusted.

"Mrs. Rowan" retired to her room quite early. She was never seen alive again. A few hours afterwards her bruised and broken body was found in the area. She had fallen 75ft., and death must have been instantaneous.

The fact that only 5d. was found in her possession throws a tragic light on the woman's death.

So far the police have not yet established "Mrs. Rowan's" identity.

She had cut the name tabs from her clothing, obliterated the laundry marks and destroyed all her correspondence.

It is believed, however, that she came from the North of England. She had a mole near the left shoulder. The inquest will be held to-day.

BEACH MYSTERY.

Woman Dead in Sea Less Than Hour After Husband Left Her Happy.

The body of a woman found floating in the sea at Folkestone on Thursday morning about 8.45, a few feet from the beach, was identified by James Baldwin, a local baker, as the wife.

When he left home at 8 a.m. he was in good health and spirits. In the evening, however, he was in a bad mood, and he was wearing a brooch, rings and dress, and the wife of the tragedy was his.

Baldwin, who was his wife, was in good health and spirits. In the evening, however, he was in a bad mood, and he was wearing a brooch, rings and dress, and the wife of the tragedy was his.

OTHER NEWS.

Sir Edward Green, Bart., died yesterday as Conservative M.P. for Wakefield, 1885 to 1892.

Lord Glanely's Loss.—Thieves broke into Lord Glanely's Wiltshire seat at Lachman and stole medals and racing trophies.

Angley nomination are: Mr. E. T. John, Labour; Mr. R. O. Roberts, Conservative; and Sir Robert Thomas, Liberal.

World's Flying Record.—At Dayton (Ohio), Lieutenant Maitland established a world's flying record by covering 240 miles in an hour.—Central News.

The New Magistrates.—Ten new magistrates, for Parts of Lindsey, Lincolnshire, including one lady, two doctors and a barrister, have been appointed.

Woman Outwits a Fox.—Miss Cocks, of Barnmouth, hearing a noise at 3 a.m., found a fox hunting her poultry. She lured the fox into the meat safe and locked it in.

Seven survivors of the British schooner Bohemia, of St. John's, Newfoundland, which was crushed in the ice and abandoned on March 10, arrived at Southampton yesterday.

CLIMAX OF FIRST OPEN-AIR HOLIDAY OF YEAR

More Traffic Records on Rail and Road by Merry Exodus to Coast and Country.

AMAZING BOOM IN CONTINENTAL TRAVEL

Cheap Fares and Promise of Sunshine Likely to Swell Army of Trippers To-day.

By rail, road and air, Britain has "gone away" in record style to celebrate Easter—the first open-air holiday of the year.

All traffic experts relate the same story of travelling unprecedented in the last five years. And, with the promise of fair and warm weather interludes, the exodus will be substantially swelled to-day.

Nothing in the rush for coast and country, at home or abroad, has been so remarkable as the huge numbers of people who have gone to the Continent, trains, steamers and aeroplanes being filled to their maximum capacity.

Fare reductions have proved irresistible, and cheap week-end trips to almost any corner of the map will give the season a good send-off at the resorts by a big boom in trade.

BRITAIN GOES AWAY IN SAND REVELS BEGIN AT BIG BATTALIONS. SEASIDE RESORTS.

Not Enough Aeroplane Seats to Go Round. Ceaseless Stream of Trains and Motor Coaches.

CRUSH FOR CONTINENT.

Week-End Weather Forecast.—A large area of low pressure over the Atlantic still introduces a risk of unsettled weather, especially in the Western districts of England, but there is considerable probability of generally fair, warm weather predominating over the week-end in the East.

Hundreds of thousands seized the opportunity of slipping away for a brief holiday in the country or at the seaside.

They cared nothing about the caution of the Air Ministry, whose prophecy in regard to the weather would not go beyond a general statement to the effect that the March heat wave was not likely to last.

All the big London railway termini were packed with holiday-makers on Thursday and yesterday. The station yard at Victoria was so congested with motor-cars and taxis as to resemble the full flood of the August holiday rush.

BOY SCOUTS FOR DENMARK.

It was the scout at Paddington, Liverpool-street, Waterloo and Charing Cross.

"I do not know whether the Easter rush is due to lower fares or because people have acquired the travel habit," remarked a railway official to *The Daily Mirror*.

"It is certain, however, that the Easter exodus this year, is greater than any since the war."

One of the happiest parties were 150 Kentish boy scouts, who are to be the guests of Danish boy scouts for a week.

More people than ever before went to the Continent. The 2 p.m. boat train on Thursday was run in six sections, and two extra steamers were needed to cope with the traffic from Dover.

Most of the bookings were to Paris or French coastal towns like Boulogne, Calais and Dieppe.

The rush to the Continent by air was unprecedented. The great air lines were unable to accept the bookings of many.

SIXTEEN IN ONE PLANE.

A twin-engine Handley Page, piloted by Mr. R. H. McIntosh, for instance, left Croydon with the record number of sixteen passengers.

Motor-coaches, too, made their reappearance on the road, and bookings for various South Coast and Kentish resorts were extraordinarily heavy.

"There never was such a rush of bookings since motor-charabancs were put on the road," said the manager of one firm.

The King and Queen are in Windsor, where they will remain for the next three weeks.

They made the journey by motor-car, accompanied by Prince Henry. The Prince of Wales and Prince George joined their Majesties later, and the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon will visit them.

Mr. Bonar Law and his daughter, Lady Sykes, are spending the holidays in the West of England. The Prime Minister's health has greatly improved. He will return to Downing-street about the middle of next week.

PLEA FOR LOWER TAXATION.

A strong plea for reduced taxation and the dropping of the Corporation Profits Tax was made by Major-General Sir Philip A. M. Nash, presiding at the annual meeting of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Ltd. The ability of industry to purchase electrical equipment depended to some extent upon taxation being reduced.

Sporting Festival.

Appended messages to *The Daily Mirror* from leading resorts illustrate the expectations of a bumper holiday.

Thanet.—All day on Thursday and until the early hours of yesterday trains were pouring visitors into Thanet. Ramsgate sands and promenades were thronged and the weather was like midsummer, although a few hardy spirits who tried to paddle in the sea found the water was very cold. Tennis, dancing and a big programme of entertainments comprise an attractive bill of holiday fare.

Keegness.—Trains from the Midlands and North brought exceptionally heavy contingents of visitors, and all previous records for Easter will be easily broken.

Scarborough.—Delightful weather added to the zest for outdoor pleasures yesterday. There were peak bagging was enjoyed by many parties. All the principal heights—Scarf, Great Gable, Helvellyn and Skiddaw—were climbed, and the mountain passes hummed with traffic. Boating on the lakes was popular.

Lakeland.—The hills were an irresistible lure to large numbers of visitors, and the sport of peak bagging was enjoyed by many parties. All the principal heights—Scarf, Great Gable, Helvellyn and Skiddaw—were climbed, and the mountain passes hummed with traffic. Boating on the lakes was popular.

Barnmouth.—Owing to the summer-like weather, with bright sunshine, the influx of visitors has been a record. Relief trains had to be run and the motor-garages were well filled.

Blackpool.—The holiday opened in delightful weather, and the huge army of visitors enjoyed one of the best Good Friday for years. Eighty special trains arrived, and the invasion by road was equally great, hundreds of motor-coaches arriving. The holiday programmes are at full season strength, but outdoor pastimes are most popular.

LIGHTNING DAMAGE.

Tram Service Held Up and Roof of Hall Smashed at Worcester.

During a short thunderstorm on Thursday the Victoria Institute at Worcester was struck by lightning. A careless aerial on the roof was smashed and dislodged a large quantity of masonry, one huge piece falling into the lecture theatre.

Girls of the secondary school, who were at dinner at the time, had to have been in the theatre an hour later and there would have been serious loss of life.

It is claimed that the aerial apparatus probably averted a greater catastrophe, acting as a conductor.

The electric tram service was suspended for a few minutes owing to the lightning.

GIRL'S WILD WORDS AT INQUEST.

"I feel that my poor father was murdered," was the statement made at a Hackney inquest by the daughter of John Groom, aged sixty-seven, of Holcroft-road, Stoke Newington, on whom a verdict of Death by misadventure was returned. Groom died in the Homerton Infirmary while under an anæsthetic.

Medical evidence showed that death was due to heart failure and that the anæsthetic was properly administered. The coroner advised the daughter not to make wild statements.



Col. A. Lambert Ward, appointed unpaid Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Secretary.



Prince Henry, the King's third son, who will celebrate his 23rd birthday to-day.

£2,948,950 REDUCTION IN POST OFFICE COSTS.

Big Saving in Salaries in Three Departments.

50,000 WOMEN EMPLOYEES.

By Our Political Correspondent.

Interesting details of national expenditure during the year which begins to-morrow are given in the Parliamentary Papers dealing with the Civil Services and the Revenue Departments.

The three Revenue Departments—Customs and Excise, Inland Revenue and Post Office—show a total reduction in the Estimates of last year of £3,732,067. Most of the savings have been effected on salaries. The total saving in the Post Office is £2,948,950, the new Estimate being £50,873,500.

Salaries, wages and allowances at the Treasury are down by £2,132, while under a similar heading the Cabinet Secretariat and the Committee of Imperial Defence have reduced their figures from £38,602 to £15,761.

There are practically 50,000 women employed in the Post Office, and the woman establishment officer at headquarters draws a salary of £800. For overseas settlement the expenditure will be £2,206,220, or £48,700 more than last year. The Post Office is £700,000 for assisted passages to Australasia and Canada, an increase of £500,000.

CONDEMNED ARCHBISHOP.

New Hope That Protests to Moscow May Prevent Execution.

No further news has been received in London concerning Archbishop Cieplak and Father Budkiewicz, who have been sentenced to death in Moscow by the Soviet authorities.

The belief was expressed in well-informed circles that the extremely strong representations made to the Soviet Government would lead to the remission of the capital sentences.

Further messages of protest against the sentences have been made by the United States, Belgium, Brazil and Sweden.

The Stockholm *Tidningen* (quoted by the Exchange) learns from Moscow that the trial of the Polish Bishop Tychon is fixed for April 1. There is already a Communist outcry for capital punishment and a public execution.—Exchange.

'WOMAN'S LEAP TO DEATH.

Insomnia and Nerve Trouble that Led to Accountant's Suicide.

Suffering from nervousness and insomnia and feeling that she would be unable to carry on her profession, Mrs. Ethel Natilda Purdie, aged forty-eight, a chartered accountant, lately carrying on business at Hampden House, Kingsway, committed suicide by throwing herself in front of a non-stop train at Covent Garden Tube Station.

The inquest at Westminster it was stated that Mrs. Purdie, who lived in Hillmarton-road, Holloway, made an attempt to jump in front of a train at Gillespie-road Tube Station on March 16, but stopped at the edge of the platform when the driver pulled up in front of her.

Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

LOVER'S REVOLVER.

Girl Typist's Story of Shots in Her Lodgings.

With his head and neck bandaged, Ernest Charles Singleton, a young clerk, charged with attempting to murder a former sweetheart, was, at Birmingham, committed for trial.

The girl, Gertrude Ion, a shorthand typist, stated that Singleton visited her lodgings. She tried to dissuade him from suicide, and he then pointed a revolver in her direction.

Covering her face, she heard two reports, but not being injured she looked up. Singleton then had the revolver barrel in his mouth.

The prosecuting solicitor said Singleton afterwards had apparently attempted suicide by cutting his throat with eye-glasses. The bullets had jammed, otherwise a double tragedy might have resulted.

EARL OF CARNARVON'S ILLNESS VERY GRAVE.

Pneumonia and Pleurisy as New Complications.

RELATIVES WARNED.

Soldier Heir Hastening to Egypt from India.

Grave news was received from Cairo yesterday concerning the Earl of Carnarvon, discoverer, with Mr. Howard Carter, of the tomb of the Pharaoh Tut-ankh Amen.

The Earl developed blood-poisoning as the result, presumably, of an insect bite, and latest messages state that he is now suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy.

Specialists attending him, says the Exchange, have warned the relatives that his condition is most serious, and they do not minimise the dangers arising from the new complications.

On Thursday there were consultations of the Earl's medical attendants both in the morning and the evening; at the first five doctors were present, and four at the second.

LADY CARNARVON'S DASH.

Reuter adds that the patient is cheerful, and his doctors regard his condition as hopeful, despite its gravity.

Lord Carnarvon, the only son of Lord Carnarvon, who is an officer in the 7th Hussars, has left India to visit his father.

He is accompanied by Lady Carnarvon, and they are due to arrive in Egypt to-day.

The Countess of Carnarvon left London by aeroplane last Monday week, intending to fly to Cairo to nurse her husband.

She was accompanied by Dr. George Sneyd, but on reaching Paris the Countess was obliged to continue her journey by train.

She had not travelled by air before, and the strain was too much for her. At Marseilles on Wednesday she embarked on the liner *Lotus* for Egypt.

GIRL STUDENT'S FATE.

Brutally Murdered a Few Yards from Her Father's House.

A Belfast telegram states that Martha Teresa Lunny, aged twenty, a medical student residing near Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan, was found brutally murdered a few yards inside the Northern territory.

Miss Lunny, who was a student in Carrickmacross college, stated her brother and sister in Swanlinbar, and they accompanied her a part of the way home.

Her mutilated body was found fifty yards from her father's house.

"NOT TO ANNEX RUHR."

M. Poincare Explains France's Aims and Gives Germany a Hint.

"The day when Germany realises that the continuance of her resistance is against her own interests she will have to address herself directly to France or to the Allies as a whole. Germany's proposals must be precise and serious."

M. Poincare (says an Exchange telegram) replied in these terms to M. Herriot, the leader of the French Radical Party, on Thursday, when M. Herriot asked if, when Germany showed a desire to make good her obligations, he would enter into negotiations with her.

M. Herriot also asked M. Poincare to deny the statement made in anti-French quarters that France had in mind the annexation of the Ruhr.

M. Poincare said: "I have always said we went to the Ruhr with economic aims alone. We have no intention of annexing one inch of German soil, but we are not going to be the dupes of Germany. We shall leave the Ruhr gradually when Germany arranges to pay what she owes."

The *Petit Parisien* (quoted by Reuter) says last week Herr Stahmer, the German Ambassador, visited Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Bonar Law, on the question of initiating conversations, stated that Germany had only to address herself directly to France or Belgium or to the Reparation Commission.

The Labour M.P.s, Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson and J. H. Thomas, have left London for Paris to attend the resumed conference of the Socialist Parliamentary Party of France, Belgium and Italy on the situation in the Ruhr.

FIRE FIGHTERS OVERCOME.

Nearly every resident in the seaside village of New Quay (Cardiganshire) took part in a fruitless effort to extinguish a fire which gutted a thatched cottage.

So thick was the thatched roof that tons of water poured on it would not sink through. Several people were overcome by fumes and had to be medically treated.

Children's Dress

COATS FOR SONS—A HAT SHOULD FIT.

WHAT an opportunity the French fashion for carrying a "hanky" tied to a wristlet gives the mother of schoolgirls! They forget to put handkerchiefs in their pockets, but make them wristlets of coloured elastic with a gay bone ring hanging from them, and they will tie on a handkerchief with pride.

FOR YOUR SON.

Little boys this spring are wearing such practical overcoats, double-breasted and easy to slip on, with pockets just like father's. They fasten with two big bone buttons, and come just to the knee. Hopack dyed lovely shades of blue and apricot makes them even more attractive.

ANOTHER MODE.

For quite wee boys the two-piece suit is made in a new jacket. Loose knickers and sacque jacket half-way to the knee—and both given thick embroideries of red or orange—the red on blue and the orange on brown.

BRITISH SILKS FOR BABES.

British silks are made in such lovely colours nowadays and a striped material is no longer a dull series of alternate colours in the same width, but just as original. It can be—so do, wise mothers who put their children into strong washing silks, buy British ones!

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

A "useful" gift will usually be forgiven by a small girl if it's something seldom possessed at that age. The short-handled umbrella, the dainty wristlet bag, the attaché case, initialed, with lock and key—these will certainly be forgiven you!

A FLAPPER FROCK.

One of the frocks at the Fiftieth Show last week, though worn by a grown-up, was very

well suited to the High School girl. It was of blue reppé, very simply cut with a long tunic, which revealed an apron panel of two-inch wide frills of grey georgette and a deep cape collar of unlined georgette tied with blue ribbon.

THE HAT THAT FITS.

It's awfully important, of course, that your children should look nice—but it's even more important that they should be comfy. Do see their hats fit! It's wretched to have one that is too tight or too loose. In many shops hats for little girls are made now in two sizes.

SOME NEW STYLES.

For the schoolgirl's best hat there are some quite pretty new styles inclining towards the poke-bonnet type, but not nearly so definite. They have high crowns and brims of the slightly mushroom shape which taper to a mere nothing at the back.

TRIMMINGS.

These hats have for trimming the quaintest posies—not of roses and forget-me-nots this year, but of cornflowers, daisies, poppies, but-cups—any kind of wild flower in fact. A cascade of richly flowered ribbon, too, is visibly and increasingly "it."

HAIR-DRESSING.

The little girl who is passing from babyhood to boarding-school age with bobbed hair has a new coiffure that frames a roguish face quite irresistibly. Part the hair in the middle and brush it quite far from the ears; then make a little bunch of curls, passing them through a ring of tortoiseshell or ribbon, leaving the back of the head clear. There is a reason for this new style—it allows sun—not too much of this, though!—and air to get to the roots of the hair.



The over-house has a new ending to it, and is made of plain and striped shantung.

For Lasting Fragrance Use Cuticura Talcum

There is nothing better than Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming the skin. It appeals to the most fastidious because of its fine, smooth texture and delicate fragrance.

Sole in U.S. Talcum 15, 30, 45, 60, 75, 90, and 120, and 24. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.

For Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Dizzy Spells Are Usually Due to Constipation.

When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot irritate. Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
TRADE MARK
For Constipation

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

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WE SEND YOU THE FINEST VEGETABLE SEEDS THE WORLD PRODUCES.

Full growing instructions are printed on each packet. We can thoroughly recommend this special Easter Offer by England's Premier Seedmen.

It is the Finest Collection of HIGH CLASS VEGETABLE SEEDS Ever Offered.

Send To-day and receive by return post. Remit 5/- only. This covers all costs of Seeds, box, packing and carriage.

FLANDERS POPPY.—A packet containing 100 seeds of this lovely crimson harry annual will be presented gratis with every collection (and with all orders sent out this spring). We mention this for the information of all who have received our Catalogue and have not yet ordered.

RYDERS' GANT MIXED SWEET PEAS. A packet will also be sent gratis with this collection.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.

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Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1925.

HOLIDAY SPIRITS.

THE crowds at our great railway stations during the last two days showed at any rate that the holiday-maker is not to be put off by any "pessimism" about weather.

He had the slight variation of thunder in some parts of the country on Thursday, as we anticipated he might. "Will he get snow before Tuesday?" asks one of our correspondents.

If he does, it can't be helped. Nothing matters much so long as one "gets away." That is the holiday spirit.

But there are other home-keeping crowds equally determined to go out and see things. And with sport and cinemas and theatres there is plenty to see.

Holidays, for these winter-weary workers, are no longer mere luxuries. They are as necessary as food and drink. Consequently much more provision is now made for recreation than used to be the case in the Victorian past by middle-aged people, dwelling in cities where universal deadness made a penitential gloom.

Nowadays one has to admit that a voluntarily induced penance is not popular with the majority. Life itself is apt to remind us of our sins.

Those who remark upon the passing or diminution of the religious aspect of Easter sometimes complain of this neglect.

They need not fear. Everything is crowded—even the Churches. Only the new generation believes also in welcoming the great renewal by saluting the Spring air—however chilly—and so gaining strength and hope for the further penance of hard and mainly monotonous work.

THE TAXPAYER'S HOPES.

BUDGET Day is fixed for April 16. As usual at this time of year, the air is full of rumours about the Chancellor's plans.

He is of course perfectly right to keep them to himself.

But his easy Parliamentary jesting on the subject of that eagerly-desired reduction of the Income Tax hardly assures us that he realises the extent of public anxiety and the growing revolt of the average citizens against the tremendous burden borne so patiently and so long.

Gross over-taxation has left the Chancellor with a surplus which the financial purists of the Treasury would like to allot partly to debt redemption. But the evils of over-taxation penetrate all through the community. And we think the taxpayer will be bitterly disappointed if he gets no relief; since he feels that fewer adventures abroad and greater economy at home would justify a step that would help to free industry from the fetters that at present prevent its expansion.

LORD CARNARVON.

THE immense interest aroused all over the world by Lord Carnarvon's discoveries in Egypt is turned now to deep regret by the news of his serious illness.

The enclosed space of that wonderful golden tomb was hidden by the cautious fears of a long-vanished race. But perhaps none of their mysterious guardian figures, none of their amulets and charms and prohibitions, was half so effective a barrier for them as the dry air of their deserts and the still living dangers that make research a risk for modern men from the West.

The world owes much to Lord Carnarvon's enthusiasm and enterprise. All who care for the knowledge he has helped to reveal will hope that he may recover to continue his work.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

A Tribute to Sarah Bernhardt—Our Curious Climate—Cruelty to Animals—Jazz Bands on the Stage.

NAMING OUR STREETS.

LET us hope that we shall not adopt the French custom too widely of naming our streets after famous public men.

What happens in France?

A charming old name like the Cours la Reine in Paris is changed to "Avenue President Wilson." Other streets all over France are named after Clemenceau, Foch, or else some dead author like Zola and Alphonse Daudet.

Public opinion changes with regard to these great men or writers, and either the names of the streets are changed also, or else the streets remind people of men who are no longer greatly admired.

E. M.

THE SEPARATE HOLIDAY.

I NEVER go away for Easter, but several members of my family do. I hope not to be misunderstood when I say that we are all better for the change—that is, the change from

THE GOLDEN VOICE.

AS a still rather young man, I deeply regret not having seen the "Divine Sarah" act, though I am pleased to think that I once saw her on the stage. It was at a Newspaper Press Fund matinee, at the Coliseum, when she recited "Les Fleurs."

She held the large audience spellbound by her exquisite rendering of this charming poem. Her voice sounded like sweet music playing in the distance. I have never been so much moved and impressed by anybody's voice as by Sarah Bernhardt's.

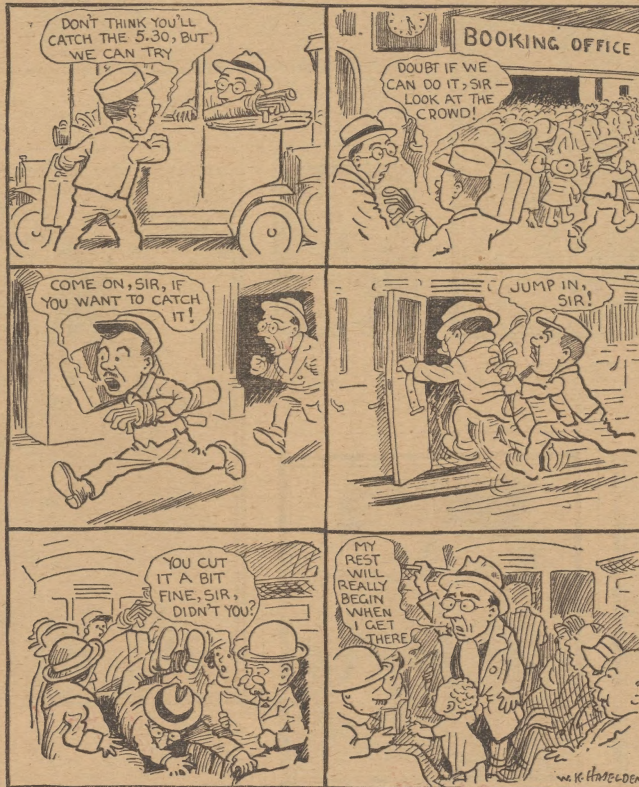
YOUTHFUL.

AMERICAN BEGGARS.

AS a traveller in many countries, I think the most interesting beggar of all is the "hobo" of the Western States of America.

I have acted in that capacity myself—tramping the railway tracks and desert trails for hundreds of miles, and I can truthfully say I have

"I NEED A REST": No. 4.—IN THE TRAIN.



Even this isn't really restful at this season. But still our holiday-maker believes that rest is coming.

one another as well as from work and habitual scenes.

But I notice that families who do not always get on wondrously well with one another yet feel obliged to go away together. All or nothing!

ONE OF MANY.

EASTER WEATHER.

YOUR leader on Thursday said that we might get thunder during the Easter holidays. And sure enough we did.

Nothing is unexpected in our extraordinary climate. Shall we get snow before next Tuesday?

PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

THE JAZZ BAND CRAZE.

WILL there ever be an end to the craze for jazz bands?

For some time past various orchestras of the jazz type have sprung up and are playing on the variety stage. This craze, I am informed, is from America, where no music-hall programme is complete without one of these bands.

It is always necessary that we should follow our brothers in the States? One very special orchestra which has come to England from the States, and which appears in one of the latest revues, is called by most people the most magnificent jazz band in the world.

But really all jazz bands are much the same. In this particular band I have in mind the musicians seem to go crazy and make the weirdest noises on their instruments. The "tunes" are drowned by these shrill sounds.

NOT JAZZY.

not met a more interesting type of beggar than these wanderers, with their roll of blankets on their backs.

Some of these men have drifted from high society and have good educations. Some have been forced to "hit the trails," either through the drug or drink habit. Some are men of the world and others will hold one spellbound with thrilling tales of adventures in the great lumber camps and stock ranches.

Their chief form of begging is to call at the different ranches and camps along their route and ask for a "hand-out," as they call it.

This generally consists of the clearings from the table after the other boys have finished—potatoes, meat and a few stewed prunes screwed up in an old newspaper.

NOEL E. KING.

"PUBLIC OPINION."

AGAIN thanks for your splendid support in the matter of cruelty to animals! The Daily Mirror has led the crusade and set an example followed in other quarters.

The Home Secretary appeals to "a healthier public opinion" which he hopes will make this sort of offence impossible.

Would he appeal to public opinion to make murder impossible? No doubt "opinion" is against murder, but the law does not rely upon it to protect us from murderers.

May I add that the law is an expression of public opinion—or at least ought to be. And it at presents misrepresents the public in this matter of cruelty to animals.

F. M.

HOW TO GET A REAL EASTER CHANGE.

WHY NOT TRY PLACES FEW PEOPLE GO TO?

By RICHARD KEVERNE.

AT lunch time on Tuesday I'm pretty sure to meet the first of the Easter grumblers. Some man who has been away for four or five days at a luxurious holiday hotel will come and tell me what a peculiarly miserable time he has spent, how bad the food was, how particularly uncomfortable he was, how much it cost him and how he loathes crowds.

A couple of days after Whitsun, if I meet him, we shall go all through the same business again. And once more I shall tell him exactly what to do, but he won't do it, because he and thousands like him are completely lacking in ability to organise their own holidays.

They make up their minds at the last moment to go away, then they telegraph or telephone in panic to the most popular hotels in the most popular resorts; bully the unfortunate managers to take them in, and then complain that they don't get the comfort and quiet that they pretend to expect.

What they say they want is a change. They don't; they hate change.

THOSE OLD AMUSEMENTS.

What they really want is to go away preferably to some place they have been to a dozen times before, and carry on in a concentrated form their ordinary amusements of home.

They want golf and bridge and dancing; rather heavier meals than usual and lots of people.

Well, they get them. The big holiday centres are filled with people just like them.

Of course, the hotels can't be at their best when they are overcrowded, nor is there any reason why, at a time when the demand for accommodation is greater than the supply, they should reduce their charges.

Yet the holiday grumbler always holds it as a primary grievance that the hotel "sticks" him more at Easter than when he was down in the middle of November or at the end of the children's holidays in January.

But if there be people who really want a change, who really want comfort and quiet and to get away for a few days not only from their regular work, but their regular play, why don't they do what—some people do?

It is to get a gazetteer, find a quiet little market town in a district you have never before visited and go and stay at the local inn. It will perhaps call itself an hotel, but inn is its proper name.

I don't think there is any part of rural England that is not worth a few days' visit. Motoring is cheap off the beaten track. There are hills and rivers, old abbey churches and historic houses, deserted stretches of coast and the little sleepy towns themselves to interest the stranger. And if life at the local inn be dull at first, dullness of that kind has an insidious charm that becomes very welcome after the first day.

LITTLE INNS.

The inn in the little market town, as a rule, is neither very good nor very bad—but it is adequate. It is more likely to be very good than very bad. Its cellar generally is better than that of the holiday hotel, its food more homely, but of better quality.

And at Easter time you are likely to be about the only visitors at the place.

I am not going to suggest places; half the fun of this sort of holiday is to find the place for yourself. But choose for preference a town, unknown to the tourist, of less than 8,000 inhabitants. Buy a local guide-book, and make friends with your landlord, and leave your golf clubs at home.

If you take such a holiday, it will do you a great deal more good than spending four days at the "Super Luxuria" at the popular seaside resort—perhaps within a few miles of where you are staying. And if the worst come to the worst, you will be glad to get home again.

The habitual holiday grumbler is not even that. The type of man I know I'm going to meet on Tuesday only frets because he is home again and he paid such a lot of money and got so little for it.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 30.—Roses may now be pruned. Begin with the hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas, leaving the teas until early next month. Remove all dead wood and weak growths, and then shorten the shoots according to the vigour of the variety. As a general rule, cut back weak-growing roses hard. Always prune to a bud pointing outwards, and keep the core of the bush open.

E. F. T.

OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-FIGHTING



The shop and home of Mr. Hugh Davies at New Quay, Wales, destroyed by fire despite desperate efforts to save it. No modern fire-fighting appliances were available and ladder and bucket work could not stay the flames. Furniture and other contents of the building were saved.

LONDON "UNDERGROUND'S" INTERPRETERS



A London "Underground" interpreter on duty at Victoria. A staff of six interpreters is now employed. The men are stationed at busy traffic centres in order to assist visitors from overseas who come to London to see the sights, and do not happen to understand the English language.



Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., going to Dublin to investigate conditions under which British subjects are interned.



AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.—A baboon at the London Zoo indulging in some jaw-stretching exercise, presumably in anticipation of offerings of hot cross buns.



RECORD BREAKER.—The well-known airman Mouttonnier, photographed just after he had broken the French altitude records. He hopes to break world's record.



TRIM WALKING SUIT.—A new model beige walking costume by Isobel. The waistcoat is of embroidered white face cloth. The hat is of corded silk in a matching colour.



Smiling scoutmistresses at a carriage window.



The scouts entraining at Liverpool-street.

SCOUTS' EASTER TOUR.—A party of scouts from Kent off for a tour in Denmark during the Easter holidays. They went off in the highest of spirits.



NEW ATTRACTION FOR FOLKESTONE.—Alderman R. G. Wood, J.P., pushing off the first boat, with Peter Pan aboard at the opening of the new Peter Pan pool, Folkestone. It will be much appreciated by the little people, who go to the popular seaside resort for their holidays.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



Mr. Arthur Wontner, leading man in "Love in Pawn," at the Kingsway to-day.



The Earl of Kinnoull, who celebrated his 21st birthday at Madeira yesterday.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The Pope as Author—Chinese Art Fashion—Yachtsmen at Cowes.

THERE WAS ONE RESPECT in which yesterday differed very much from the normal Good Friday. The gardeners were unable to make much progress. Easter is the season above all others when a spade is a spade, but two months of rain have made the ground heart-breaking heavy. There were more people about than usual in London streets and from all accounts there was increased religious observance of the day. Westminster Cathedral was crowded in the afternoon for the impressive "Tenebrae" service.

Earl of Kinnoull's Majority.

Viscountess Dupplin left England recently for a holiday in Madeira, where she was to meet her son, the young Earl of Kinnoull, who had arranged to spend his twenty-first birthday with her. Lord Kinnoull was twenty-one yesterday. He left England, it will be remembered, after a romantic episode. It was reported that he was likely to become engaged to a young American widow, but the incident closed with the Earl's departure for South Africa. The widow followed a week later, but I am told that the friendship no longer exists.

To Stay in Africa.

Since he has been in South Africa, Lord Kinnoull has become interested in horse breeding. He likes the life very much, his mother says, though at first the climate tried his health. After he has been to Madeira for his birthday celebrations he will return to South Africa.

The Duke Dances.

The Duke of York, like the Prince of Wales and Prince George is a good patron of restaurants, and was dining at the Savoy the other night with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and a party, the ladies of which were given lovely pink roses by the management—a little attention which is invariably offered to important visitors or old customers there. After dinner the royal party went down to the ballroom, where the Duke and his fiancée joined the dancers.

Singers on the Links.

Musicians who are good at athletics are more numerous in London than might be imagined. William Murdoch, the famous English pianist, has just carried off the silver cup given by the Concert Artists' Golfing Society for a match over a thirty-six-hole course. There are five or six meetings each year played on different courses, and during them Mr. Murdoch played against Stenrodale Bennett, Harry Dearth, Ivor Foster, Randall Jackson, Tom Kinniburgh, Hector Gordon and Astley Weaver.

Yachting Begins.

The fine weather and Easter have combined to attract several yachting enthusiasts to the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes. Lord Pentland and Colonel J. E. B. Seely have put in an appearance, as well as Mr. Christopher Turner and Lord Albemarle, who recently returned from South Africa and is staying there at the moment. Lord Tredegar's boat, Sylvana, is nearing completion, and Mr. Symington's Medea is going out soon.



Lord Pentland.

Six-Metre Races.

I am told by a well-known authority in Cowes yachting circles that the six-metre yacht races this year will probably attract greater attention than even they did last year, and an influx of American visitors is expected—as well as a large number of cosmopolitans. This is due to the fact that each nation has now won a race, and enthusiasm is thereby stimulated as to which country will now take the lead.

The Joss Table.

Miss Marie Tempest hopes to be in her new house in three weeks' time. It will be a delight to her many artistic friends, for the whole scheme of furnishing is being expressed in terms of the finest Chinese tradition. The hall and staircase is a harmony of lacquer red, black and old ivory. Mr. W. Graham Browne told me of a Chinese joss table he had in view or a side-board, but up to now they have scarcely made up their minds about all the details of the dining-room.

Memories of Marie.

Miss Tempest, by the way, is writing "The Reminiscences of Marie." Miss Tempest has been to strange places. There is, for example, the story of the tin-walled, roofless Rhodesian theatre, where the company had to walk 300 yards down the road to their dressing-rooms in huts between acts, and their audience had to bring their own rugs to keep out the cold.

The Pope's Book.

In the course of a few days we shall have an English version of an Alpine book by the Pope. His Holiness was a mighty climber in his younger days, an energetic member of the Italian Alpine Club, and a contributor to the Italian Alpine Journal. He has made more than one first ascent, and he once rescued a guide who had fallen into a crevasse on the Paradiso.

Top of the Tree.

The dresses of "Brighter London," the new Hippodrome revue, are, both in colour and design, a high artistic achievement. These dresses were designed by Miss Dolly Tree, who is only twenty-two. She is pure British, but has nevertheless had success in Paris and has designed costumes for a new production at the Folies Bergères. One of the French papers paid Miss Tree a signal compliment by saying "she is the most Parisian of our designers."



Miss Dolly Tree.

First Nights.

This is an unusually busy theatrical day. There is the new Gertrude Jennings play, "Isabel, Edward and Anne," at the Haymarket; "Love in Pawn," by Roy Horniman, at the Kingsway, and the transfer of the triumphant "Polly" to the more adequate quarters of the Savoy. The Empire revue, "The Rainbow," which has been postponed twice, may, of course, break through the black clouds at any moment—but at present it is still raining!

Unique Pagodas.

Furnishing which includes Chinese works of art is very fashionable and Mrs. George Keppel, who goes to Paris next week en route for Italy, leaves behind in her lovely house in Grosvenor-street a pair of magnificent Chinese pagodas once the property of the Chinese Ambassador in Paris. Mrs. Keppel will be away until June.

Buying a Piano.

Mrs. Keppel's house was once the West End establishment of a famous piano firm and she sometimes remarks jokingly to friends that when one day, years ago, she went in to buy a piano she came out having bought the house. It is one of the finest town houses in Mayfair.

The Yellow Door.

The Queen Anne house with the bright yellow door in Chesterfield-street will again open to Mrs. George Pinckard's many friends next week, for she returns with her elder daughter from Cannes to-morrow, going to Sunningdale first. The dining room at Chesterfield-street has been in the hands of the decorators and Mrs. Pinckard's portrait by Dicksee and the sketch of her daughter by Count Grisoni look all the better in their new surroundings.

Among the Dust Sheets.

The Duchess of Portland, who has gone to Welbeck Abbey for Easter, does not object to living in her house in Grosvenor-square while it is more or less in "curl papers," for even up to a few days before her departure all the lovely things on the drawing-room floor were wrapped in dust sheets and a good deal of the furniture elsewhere was covered up just as if the family were away!

Bernhardt Stories.

Many humorous tales have been told regarding Sarah Bernhardt's great slenderness in her early days. One relates to an unwelcome encounter in the Bois de Boulogne, where she was riding, which she managed to avoid by hiding behind her riding-whip! Another time it was recorded that an empty brougham drove up to the stage door of the Comédie Française and Sarah Bernhardt stepped out of it!

Social Disadvantages!

Although she was a great success in London, she was never "taken up" socially over here, like her later day sister-artist, Mme. Réjane. Lady de Grey (afterwards the Marchioness of Ripon) patronised Réjane from her first visit to London, and even after acted as a kind of social sponsor—an advantage which La Grande Sarah lacked.

Bernhardt's Salary.

Can you guess what was Mme. Bernhardt's salary when she was engaged at the Odéon in 1866? It was, in English money, rather less than 30s. a week. She was drawing that stipend when she was given the chance of creating the part of Agar in François Coppée's "Le Passant"; but after that her real success began.

"Record" Muscles.

The latest "stunt" for keeping fit comes from the United States. You simply do twelve little exercises every day to catchy music on your gramophone, or "disc machine."

Novel Wedding Decorations.

The Duke of Connaught has sent Miss Flavia Forbes an alabaster clock as a wedding present, and the bride's grandmother, Mrs. George Forbes, is lending her house in Pont-street for the reception on April 9. St. Peter's Church is to have decorations of broom, the Forbes badge emblem, which is a decided change in the way of church wedding decorations.



Mr. William Murdoch, the pianist, has won the cup of the Concert Artists' Golfing Society.



Lady Elphinstone, wife of the Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, now at Holyrood.

Miss Jessica Brown.

On the eve of her departure for America, I had a chat with Miss Jessica Brown, whose engagement to Lord Northesk was announced by *The Daily Mirror* this week. She is fair-haired, demure and charming in manner. She told me that she did not think she would be appearing on the stage again. She likes England, and is very sorry to go away. "I have been so happy here," she said, "but I want a holiday among my own people."

Garden Villages.

The housing problem is, perhaps, the one real problem of our time. An article on the subject in a recent number of the "Beacon" is of unusual interest in view of the fact that the writer is himself a builder and an ex-borough surveyor. He expresses himself in favour of garden villages, "with individual ownership under municipal control."

No Interference.

The writer has presumably had some experience of Governmental methods, for, after soundly trouncing the Housing Act, he adds: "There must be no interference by Government departments with their stereotyped methods and unseemly delays." But that seems almost too much to hope for.

Flounces and Freedom.

Many of this year's cycle models for women do not, I notice, possess gearcases. A few years ago they were absolutely essential to prevent frills and flounces from becoming entangled in the chain and the gearwheel.

THE RAMBLER.



Cheese at its best

YOUR knowledge of cheese at its best is not complete until you have tried St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. The creamy freshness will appeal at once, and its mild Cheddar flavour, combined with a soft deliciousness, tempts the most critical palate.



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SAND CRICKET NOW BEGINS



Happy young holiday-makers at Margate have opened the season for cricket on the sands in gloriously sunny weather. It is understood that they regard the pitch as being in its usually satisfactory condition. In any case they have no complaints judging by the photograph.

NEWS PORTRAITS



Robert Shingler, who died yesterday after having been knocked out in the tenth round of a boxing match at Wokingham.



Miss Spence, daughter of Gillingham, Kent, graduated Bachelor of Medicine at the same ceremony at which her father became M.D.

PARIS PAYS ITS LAST



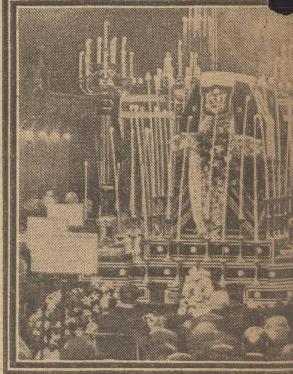
The carriage conveying the body of the great actress passing the Church of St. ...



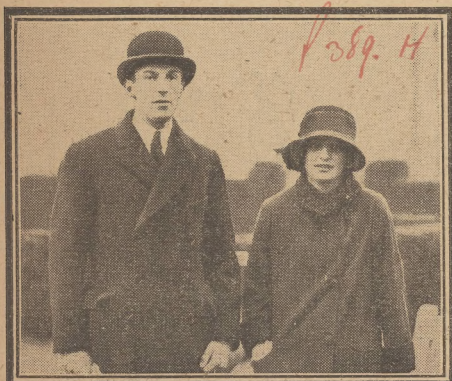
LONDON'S RURAL SCENERY.—A flock of Scottish sheep in Hyde Park, on the banks of the Serpentine. But for the crowd on water and on shore, it might be a scene in the depth of the country.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Rayner, little boy of Essex-road, Islington, who was scalded to death when he pulled over himself a pot of greens that were being boiled.



The service in the Church of ...



ANOTHER ROYAL WEDDING.—A Daily Mirror exclusive photograph of the Marquis of Worcester and Lady Mary Cambridge, taken in the grounds at Sopworth, just before they left for London on Thursday last.



AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.—Widows taking sixpences from a tomb in the burial ground of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, London. Twenty-one widows of the parish are chosen.



A picture giving some idea of the dense crowds which Paris paid impressive homage to the memory of the great tragic institutions when the late Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was carried to service in the Church of St. Francois de Sales hundred

LEAD ACTRESS



Church of St. Augustine in the Boulevard Malesherbes.



The funeral service was in progress.



bled along the route of the funeral procession.
 m it long since came to regard as one of its most notable
 or entombment in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise,

WALL COLLAPSE



Harold Minikin, injured; James Brown, killed.



Ralph Urwin, killed.

Casualties caused by the collapse of a wall at the Laygate-lane School, South Shields. It was one of those entirely unanticipated accidents that seem to lend a deeper note to tragedy.

AT MAUNDY DISTRIBUTION



One of the recipients of Maundy money shows her treasure to a very much interested young friend.



Stately and picturesque Yeomen of the Guard leaving Westminster Abbey after the ceremony of Maundy money distribution. The ceremony has an unbroken history of many centuries. Special coins for it are struck by the Mint.—(Daily Mirror.)



A farmer's wife at the harrow, West Norfolk.



She also helps her husband with the pigs.

FARM STRIKE SEQUELS.—The strike of farm labourers in Norfolk has brought all kinds of unusual labour on to the land. The farm is a factory which is wrecked by a stoppage.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DEVOTE ONE MINUTE OF YOUR EASTER HOLIDAY

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3rd Prize £500 ; £2,000 in other smaller prizes

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THAT £3,000 AT ONCE!**

PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

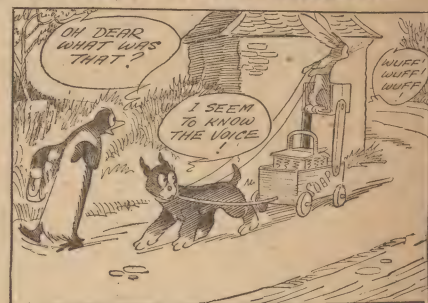
No. 77.—AN EASTER PICNIC WITH OLD FRIENDS—AND NOTHING GOES WRONG!



1. The pets thought it would be jolly to have a picnic in the country this Easter.



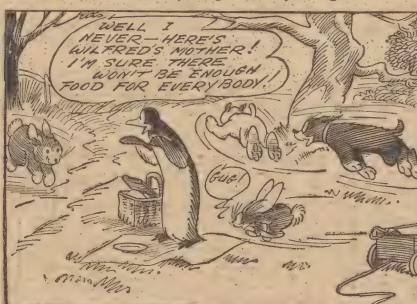
2. Off they started in high spirits. The weather was fine—everything seemed just right!



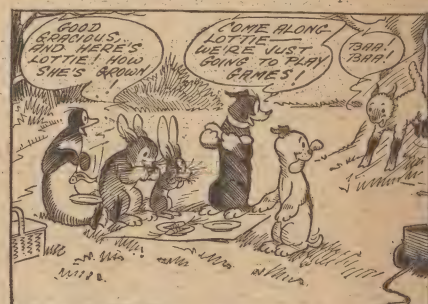
3. Suddenly they heard a bark behind them. "I know that voice!" exclaimed Pip.



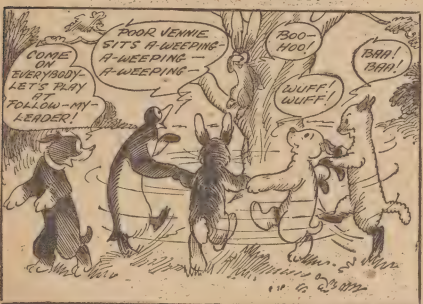
4. The next minute who should come bounding along but Peter, the merry little puppy!



5. Then later they had another surprise. Wilfred's mother joined them in their picnic!



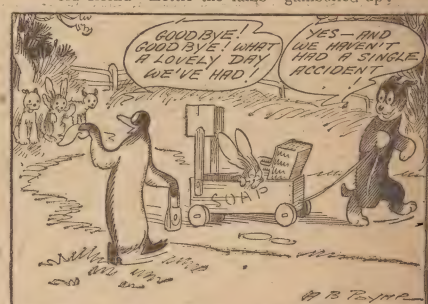
6. They had scarcely finished eating when another old friend—Lottie the lamb—gambolled up!



7. It was a meeting of old friends, and you may be sure that they all enjoyed themselves.



8. The marvellous part was that nothing went wrong—as it usually does with the pets.



9. At last it was time to go home, and they all agreed it was the happiest day they had ever spent.

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 7.

This week Herbert again becomes curious, and discovers a very strange "Easter Egg."



1. Herbert saw a big egg among his father's



2. He got one of the hens from the farm-



3. But when it was hatched no bird ap-



4.—baby crocodile! Herbert will not experi-



OLD UMBRELLAS ARE NOT SO

AN EASTER STAP.

How to make it from an old egg-shell.

WHEN you have finished your Easter breakfast egg, ask mother if you can have the empty shell. You can make over such a jolly little boat with it.

First of all, cut it fairly in half and wash it clean. Then, with a pair of sharp nail scissors, cut round the top, so that it is perfectly smooth, and raised at each end to represent a forecastle. (See sketch.)

Knock eight little holes through the raised part of the shell, to look like

"H.M.S. Easter" afloat.

portholes. Now take two spent matches and thrust them gently through the bottom. Fasten a piece of paper on them, as you will see in the picture. Your masts and sail are now made.

Nothing remains for you to do but to paint your ship whatever colour you like, and to write "H.M.S. Easter" on her "bows." If you find she will not float well owing to the lopsided weight of the match-sticks, just drop a button or a nail inside her.

When launching, your ship stick a little wet soap on one side, just where the water comes. The water will melt the soap, and the alteration in the weight will drive H.M.S. Easter forward just like a real ship!

Uncle Dick's Letter

Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, March 31.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

It looks as if we are going to have a warm, sunny Easter, after all! If the weather is fine what are you going to do with yourself? Are you planning all sorts of delightful adventures and excursions for the coming holidays? We hope to spend a few days in the country next week, and I dare say the pets will get into some mischief or other, as they rarely fail to do.

They have already had, as you see in to-day's pictures, an Easter picnic, and the extraordinary thing about their picnic was that nothing very exciting happened; Pip did not sit on a hedgehog or get chased by a bull, while Wilfred, strange to relate, had really a most peaceful day, and behaved himself excellently throughout.

BERTIE, GERTIE, MABEL, MILDRED—

So many old friends turned up for the picnic that, to make the party complete, we should have had all the other creatures who have, from time to time, appeared in these pages. It would have been great fun, for instance, if Gertie, the goat, Bertie, the ostrich, Mabel and Mildred, the twin ducklings, and Percy, the tortoise, had joined the merry party. What a quaint collection of pets it would have been! I wonder if they would have all agreed?

Many boys and girls have written to me asking what has happened to Lottie, the lamb, and begging me to "adopt" her. Lottie, as you see, is now almost a sheep, and a sheep is rather an awkward pet to keep about the house. Besides, if we had her, we should all feel so uncomfortable when we had mutton for dinner!

*Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.*

PRIZES FOR EASTER

Over Eighty Cheques to be Won!

I HOPE you will make a special effort to win a prize in our splendid Easter competition. Below you see eight little pictures. The initial letters of each thing, when arranged in their correct order, spell something which we all want at Easter. Write

out a list of the eight pictures, and at the bottom put the word which their first letters spell.

For the correct and neatest entries, written on a card, I am awarding:—

First prize	£2 10 0
Second prize	1 10 0
Third prize	1 0 0
Two prizes of	0 10 0
Forty prizes of	0 5 0
Forty prizes of	0 2 6

Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Easter), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Bonnevillier-street, London, E.C. 4, before April 7.



ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Poor Horace, with the very best of intentions, makes another silly mistake.

1. "Hee-haw!" said the donkey and Horace thought he had a sore throat.

2. But when Horace offered his scarf the donkey rudely turned his back.

3. The next thing Horace remembered was flying through space!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY

FAME AND FORTUNE

By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Worlock is sent by his employer on a treasure-seeking expedition. After being robbed of his plans by some rivals, he and a man named Simpson, at last land on the island where the treasure is hidden. Suddenly they hear a shout.

THE HUT IN THE FOREST.

"THAT must be Brown and Raynor," said Derek excitedly. "They don't sound far away, either."

In silence the two continued on their way, their eyes and ears alert. But for some minutes there was no further sound. And then suddenly Derek stopped short as a sound of footsteps came to his ears.

Simpson followed the boy's example, and then the two of them slipped behind a tree for shelter. "They're coming this way," whispered Simpson. "I only hope they've not heard us."

It was soon evident that they hadn't, for when Raynor and Brown appeared in view Derek saw that they were in the middle of a quarrel.

"You're talking rubbish," said Brown angrily. "I've done all the work in this little business, and now you start giving orders as though—"

"Oh, be quiet. I only suggested that we'd better find the treasure without wasting any more time."

"Why? There's no chance of our being followed. That youngster won't dare give us away; besides, no one would believe him if he did."

It was clear to the watchers that Raynor was fast losing his temper. "I'm getting tired of you," he said angrily. "First you go and lose your way in the wood, and now you talk about a rest."

"But I've found a little hut," replied the other. "Let's have something to eat and half-an-hour's peace, and then we'll go straight on for the treasure."

For a moment Raynor looked as though he were going to object to this plan, but finally he gave in with a surly nod.

Brown pointed in the direction they had to go, and as soon as they were out of earshot Simpson turned to Derek. "We must follow them," he said quickly. "They've not found the treasure yet, and evidently don't mean to try for an hour or so. We've still got a chance."

Dodging from tree to tree they went in pursuit of Brown and Raynor until the two men

"They're both asleep!" whispered Derek.

came to the hut. It was situated in a small clearing and Brown boldly pushed open the door and walked inside.

Derek stood for some moments, undecided as to what to do. At last Simpson spoke.

"You stay here," he said, "while I creep up to the hut and see what they're up to."

Every moment Derek expected one of the men to come out of the hut and see the approaching Simpson. But, to his relief, neither of them did, and within five minutes Simpson was back at his side.

"Well!" asked the boy.

"They're having something to eat," was the reply. Raynor seems to have brought plenty of tinned stuff with him. I'm afraid we can't do anything just yet."

"Can't we rush them?" suggested Derek. Simpson smiled. "Nothing would please me better," he said, "but it's not worth the risk. What we must do is to think of some plan to get those papers of yours back."

Gradually the minutes passed, but the men did not come out of the hut. "I'll go and have another peep," said Simpson when nearly an hour had gone by.

This time Derek insisted on accompanying his friend, and they crept up to the hut together. Not a sound came from within, and just for a second Derek feared that his rivals might have got away by some back entrance. But one glance through the small opening that served as a window was enough to reassure him. "They're both asleep," he whispered in surprise.

It was perfectly true. Raynor and Brown, tired out by their adventures, had flung themselves on to a big couch that lay on one side of the hut and were sleeping soundly.

They had taken off their jackets and boots and flung them into the far corner of the hut. As his eye caught sight of them a sudden plan came into Derek's mind.

Stepping carefully lest he should tread on a loose twig, Derek crept round to the door of the hut. He pushed it open and then slipped off his own boots.

His stockinged feet made no sound as he walked across the hut to the corner where the coats lay. He quickly felt in the pockets of one and then the other. At last he brought forth a bulky pocket-book, from which he took a sheaf of papers.

"I'm only taking what belongs to me," he thought.

At this moment Raynor turned uneasily in his sleep, and Simpson, still watching from the window, went cold with anxiety lest he should awaken. But with a grunt the man settled down peacefully again.

From his own pocket Derek took a piece of paper and wrote a few words on it with a pencil. He slipped the paper inside the pocket-book, and this in turn he replaced in the pocket from which he had taken it.

Then, still walking noiselessly, he went out of the hut and carefully closed the door.

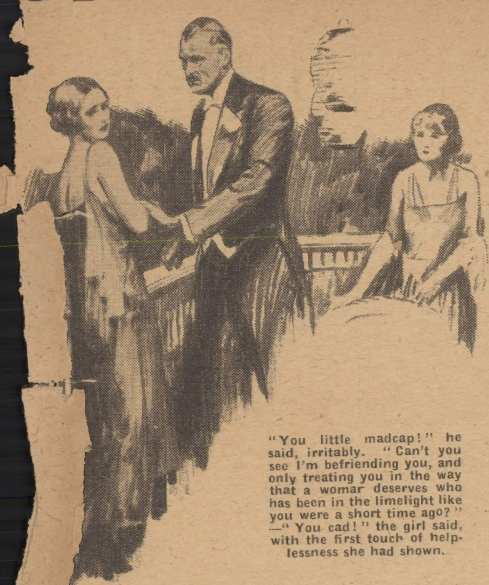
(Another grand instalment next Saturday.)



YOU CAN BEGIN THIS FASCINATING NEW LOVE STORY TODAY

THE DAY OF A MAN

By S. ANDREW WOOD



"You little madcap!" he said, irritably. "Can't you see I'm befriending you, and only treating you in the way that a woman deserves who has been in the limelight like you were a short time ago?"

"You cad!" the girl said, with the first touch of helplessness she had shown.

FOR OUR NEW READERS.

PEGGY BECKETT is an "alone-in-London" girl, a fascinating, impulsive character, who is now as Peggy the Firebrand in Quilter's Enigma, where she is employed. She is going to see Archie Dugdale in a few days—a young man who lives in the same private hotel in South Kensington, an establishment known as Towner's Royal. Archie and Peggy are taking a walk in the Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks them and a shabby stranger acts as rescuer. Peggy does not shine in a very heroic light during the affray and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger, and then, feeling that he is in need, gives him a fessling note and runs away.

That morning Peggy is a ringleader in a lightning strike at Quilter's. During an interview with old Adam Quilter, the proprietor, the latter hints surprisingly that he once knew Peggy's dead mother, but Peggy dismisses the idea as absurd. Quilter is a quaint character whose bark is worse than his bite, and he seems to enjoy the girl's spirited demeanour. The strike fails and Peggy is discharged. She returns discomfitedly to Towner's Royal. Archie Dugdale and the shabby stranger in conversation. The stranger makes the startling statement that Archie is a jackal who preys on credulous girls, and that it was he who betrayed the plans of the intended strike to Adam Quilter for ten pounds. Peggy dismisses her unworthy lover with contempt, and then, unable to endure the humiliation of remaining any longer at Towner's, she parts from the stranger and seeks other quarters. She gets on the track of employment at the Noah's Ark Riverside Club.

Meanwhile, the stranger, Jack Sandford, renders a service to Adam Quilter, who, deceived by his out-of-work appearance, offers her a peculiar appointment. He is to find a missing girl in London whose photograph is shown to him. It is a speaking likeness of Peggy Beckett, although the photograph is twenty years old. Sandford accepts the commission. Returning to his rooms one night he finds an old friend, Nan Beverley, awaiting him. She has been divorced, although she declares she is innocent, and she asks him to help her. Remembering the bitterness of disillusion she has caused him in the past, he refuses.

PEGGY'S NEW CHANCE.

PEGGY obtained the situation as typist-secretary to the manager of the Noah's Ark Riverside Club.

She was not sure how it happened. The first sight of the Ark where it lay among the thrushes and nightingales of the river, like a mass of new paint and gleaming-glass dropped from the heavens by a magic carpet, awed her.

The sight of Mr. Carle Carew, the manager, a debonaire, flannel-clad figure who smoked unending cigars, awed her as nearly as any man ever had awed Peggy. She flushed beneath the cool, lingering glance he gave her. She did not know that it was that flood of resentful colour and the tilt of her chin which gave her the situation.

There's no chance of ever having a crowded hour of glorious life in the ballroom or getting a duke to stand you dinner in the supper-room," Carew said pleasantly. "You've got to hit the keys of your typewriter hard and often and keep your hooks as carefully as though the Ark was a lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Peggy was not pured, the first day or two, whether she had not siled home-sickness upon loneliness, by leaving London. A great verdant garden, glowing white with lilies and statuary, and a willow-clad bank, stretched round the Noah's Ark.

At that season it was afoam with blossoms and old-fashioned flowers, which made her heart

ache with memory of her own old home in Surrey. By night, when motors purled along the dusty road from London unendingly, and laughter and music startled the nesting swans, a large houseboat, moored by the river-bank, became a mass of fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns that twinkled in the shade of the Ark itself.

Peggy's quarters were in a little jessamine-clad cottage on the edge of the river with an old housekeeper and a small graceful girl whom she only knew as Miss Yates.

At seven o'clock—precisely each evening Miss Yates, in a sapphire cloak and evening dress, crossed the meadow and vanished into the Noah's Ark as Peggy sat down to tea. She was quite friendly, but utterly inscrutable.

Only when the last of the big cars had driven away in the small hours of the morning did she return to the cottage.

"It's no more exciting than making sausages," Peggy told herself with a little pout, on the third day.

She laughed at her own naive discontent. She felt as though she had drifted into some backwater and she missed the stimulant of fight which London gave her. Yet that very day something happened. It was Mr. Carle Carew who brought the news to Peggy as she sat at the typewriter, writing a business-like letter concerning a consignment of two thousand sweetbreads.

The manager of the Noah's Ark swept her again with his look of cool assessment.

"Would that blue-and-yellow evening-dress of Miss Yates suit you, Miss Beckett?" he asked. "If it will, I'll be obliged if you will take her duties to-night. Don't know what she does? Well, she moves among the guests with her eyes apparently half-closed, but really double-skinned alive."

"She's a woman of the world—like you are, I guess. She can tell a crook at sight, and knows when a young blood has had enough champagne to feel like pushing over the Noah's Ark or smacking off without paying his bill. She's, in short, our private woman 'tee. You'll not be as sharp as her, first night. But you'll be sharp enough."

"I'll try," said Peggy, gravely.

THE WOMAN SLEUTH.

SHE was quivering inwardly, two hours later, when she stood upon the scarlet loggia of the Noah's Ark, though, outwardly, she was a demure and self-possessed modern girl in a dress that matched the marigolds and cornflowers of her hair and eyes.

A distinguished-looking middle-aged man accompanied her. He was the man-detective of the Noah's Ark; a silent and speechless man in pince-nez.

Thrilling string-music came from the magnificent dance-hall. The motor-cars of half-fashionable London stood parked in the blue-dusk of the drive—the Noah's Ark had become immensely popular. Little bursts of laughter came from the electric canoes on the river. The magic May evening was like velvet.

Peggy moved from her companion. A little sharp thrill of exultation came upon her. Men looked at her as she passed.

"Cinderella goes to the ball—at last!" she whispered to herself. "As—as a woman sleuth!"

It was almost midnight, when it struck Peggy that perhaps there would be some adventure aboard the houseboat that glimmered on the other side of the river.

As she took the gondola, with its costumed gondolier, across the water, she was struck by a girl and a man who sat in the bows. The man was the counterpart of a score of cynical and cultured men of the world who danced and dined at the Noah's Ark.

It was the girl who caught Peggy's attention. She seemed, in one moment, to shrink from her companion. The next, her laugh came with a touch of bravado. She was red-haired and violet-eyed, and, in some newspaper not long before, Peggy Beckett had seen her photograph. "One of the photocrazy—like me!"

Peggy sought to throw off the haunting recklessness of the girl's face by her own light thoughts.

But, as she sank into a chair, deep out of the glow of the Chinese lanterns, on the deck of the houseboat, it remained. So that when the girl and the man came out of the radiance and sat within a yard of her, it seemed like a stroke of fate. She did not move, because she did not wish to, the moment she heard the girl's tense, cold tones.

"You can't play tricks on the modern girl,"

Monty. I shall go back by train. You told me that this trip was platonic. You said we were going to talk about how you—y—y—y could help me." The man's answer came carelessly.

"At Love's perjuries, they say, Nan—you know the rest. In the old days, when your hobby was tearing convention to pieces for fun, it was different. There is something about the divorce court which alters a woman's status—even a woman like you, Nan."

Peggy bit her tongue at the ironic cruelty of the words. The answer came from the girl with a dragging laugh.

"Do you think I don't know that?" she said. "But all the same, I'm not leaving here with you in your car. I was a fool to come. But I'm only finding out bit of my foolishness here and there. Thanks for this little glimpse into my past life, Monty. But—I'm going."

Her chair creaked in the lanterned dusk. The man gave a laugh of amusement.

"The last train went about an hour ago, Nan, old girl," he said. "Sit down, little repentant sinner, and let us talk. You've no sentiment, have you? Tell me then why you came back from Italy without Marjorie Birch."

The girl rose to her feet. Peggy, without any volition, felt herself rise also. Half-seated, she stood against the rail of the houseboat, and watched the man as he followed the girl and leaned close to her.

"You little madcap!" he said, irritably. "Can't you see I'm befriending you and only treating you in the way that a woman deserves who has been in the limelight like you were, a short time ago?"

"You cad!" the girl said, with the first touch of helplessness she had shown.

Peggy gulped in her dry throat. Her voice came startlingly to herself.

"Stop that, please!"

Half-hysterically she realised that she had spoken like a policeman. Both the man and the girl swung round and came her for the first time. The girl stood motionless in the shadow. The man scowled and smiled in the same moment. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm—Peggy Beckett, desperately for something impressive to say—" I'm a private detective. I'm on the Noah's Ark staff. I've instructions to keep order." She choked again at the policeman-like words. "I'm—oh, hang it! You're a sweep, aren't you?"

The man's eyebrows went up in amusement.

"What an original detective!" he said. "An amateur, I should imagine. The gondola is just starting for the Noah's Ark. I should make haste and catch it if I were you. There are

very likely some card-sharps for you to arrest in the card-room."

His dissipated, good-looking face was temptingly near. Rage at her own blundering words made Peggy strike hard. The slap of her flat hand came crisply on the man's cheek before she could control herself.

She sprang to the girl's side with a sheer excitement.

"Are you coming?" she demanded. "I put you up to-night at the little cottage. I shall not be turned out until to-morrow. I will mean the sack, sure, but I don't care. Not a 'tee at all, really. I'm a typist, and I type a lot better than I can 'tee, else I'm a rotten typist, aren't I?"

She stopped incoherently. The girl was looking at her in wonder. Then a tremor passed through her.

"I'll come with you, please," Nan Beverley said.

Peggy took her arm. Her face was burning with glorious adventure. A sense of odd protection and tenderness came across her.

Through the murmuring shadows of men and girls she found the gangway which ran to the grassy shore. The dew-wet grass soaked their light shoes. As they passed through the wicket-gate into the orchard where the red-blind of the cottage glowed hospitably, an owl hooted sleepily. It was not until Peggy had lighted the lamp and blown the fire into a flame that she spoke to the other girl.

"I think I left my mark on his face," she said soberly. "You didn't mind, did you? Perhaps you thought it unlady-like?"

Nan Beverley stretched out her hands to the fire.

"I thought it was a good straight-left," she said. "I don't think I ever hit a man like that."

A ripple of husky laughter shook her all at once. She swayed a little and Peggy leapt to her.

"Hullo!" she said. "You're shaky! Sit down, will you? And have a cigarette—would you like some smelling-salts?"

She lowered Nan on to the crotona-covered couch. The cuckoo-clock in the dark kitchen chirruped some hour. There was a long silence between the two women.

Peggy leaned forward. She spoke fiercely. "Women are not all alike," she said, slowly. "You're different from me, Mrs. Beverley—lots. But men are always the same. They're always—rotten!"

Another splendid instalment will appear on Monday.



Soap made for your Skin

Don't make your toilet with a soap that was really meant for clothes and dishes.

Don't place such a handicap on beauty. Don't give your skin such harsh treatment—for a smooth, healthy skin is the very foundation of good looks.

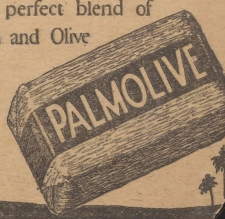
Use a soap made for your skin—made to keep it soft and beautiful, to retain for you the charm of youth—that school-girl complexion.

Use Palmolive, the soap that

gives you the double effect of palm and olive oils.

Palmolive lather penetrates the tiniest pores, cleansing thoroughly, but gently, then acts as a lotion, refreshing, invigorating, beautifying.

The perfect blend of Palm and Olive Oils



Good Friday Victory Over Sheffield United.

BRILLIANT CARDIFF.

Record Crowd Sees West Ham Draw with Bury.

Their victory over Sheffield United yesterday at Anfield Liverpool, the champions, almost assured themselves of retaining the championship of the First League. The most part, football was played yesterday before huge holiday crowds, and the results were rather surprising. Other features of the day's sport were:—

Football.—West Ham jeopardised their chance of promotion by only drawing with Bury at West Ham yesterday, especially as Notts County won at Selhurst against the Palace, and Leicester were beaten. Notts are once again top of the division.

Cycling.—Over 3,000 people were present at Herne Hill yesterday and saw some excellent racing under the auspices of the Southern Cycling Union. Willie Spencer and H. T. Johnson won the two big races.

REAL CHAMPIONS.

Liverpool Too Good for Sheffield—Preston's Bad Luck.

Liverpool are tightening their grip on the championship. Against Sheffield United at Herne Hill, Chambers scored in the first half, but it was not until the change of ends that the superiority of the home team was really asserted. Mercer equalised, but five minutes afterwards Chambers put his side ahead again. Should Liverpool gain the championship the second time in succession they will accomplish a feat not performed since the Wednesday day in 1902-03 and 1903-04.

Shock for Tottenham.—In one sense the Spurs were fortunate to draw with Preston North End, but until the Lancashire team lost their centre back, McCall, at which point Preston were beaten, did the Spurs manage to equalise, and draw from a doubtful point recorded by

Forest Hopes Rising.—If Nottingham Forest continue to play as they did against Middlesbrough, they will soon avert all fear of relegation. Middlesbrough scored first through Urwin, but for the rest of the half the home side pressed insistently, and Gibson equalised from Martin's pass. After the change of ends, Finley put the Forest ahead, and they held the lead to the end.

CARDIFF'S GREAT WIN.

Burnley Crash.—The greatest surprise of the day probably was the astonishing success of Cardiff at Burnley. Cardiff have quite got over their bad patch, and are now going in great form. Clennell and Keenor scored in the opening half, and the first-half added two more after the change of ends, Davies putting through the other. Kelly headed through Burnley's only point. The Turf Moor forwards have seldom played so poorly.

Sunderland Still Challenging.—A heavy fog marred the enjoyment of spectators at Roker Park, where Sunderland overcame Manchester City by two clear goals. Both goals came in the second half, the first when Cookson unfortunately put through his own goal in attempting to deal with a shot from Parker, while Buchan scored the other.

Oldham Falter Again.—There were few thrills in the Oldham-Newcastle United clash. Mediocre football was shown all through the first half, though there was a slight improvement after the change of ends. Newcastle then made a great effort to win the match, and though Harris missed a perfectly open goal from twenty yards' range, Matti-was, the Oldham keeper, defended brilliantly, and cleared numerous fast shots. Oldham's fate seems sealed.

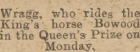
PENALTY GOAL DECIDES.

Chelsea Succumb to Villa.—It was through a penalty goal that Chelsea lost against Aston Villa in Birmingham. There was a good deal of individual cleverness displayed, but combined work was at a discount. Both sides shot badly during the first half-hour, but improved as the game progressed. Chelsea went very near scoring several occasions, but the only penalty was fined from a spot kick by Walker. Chelsea had not yet solved the problem of how to make forward line effective.

Bolton's Debacle.—Everton did well to win at Bolton by 2 to 0. Bolton had Lowe outside right Butler. Everton had the wind in the first half, Chadwick scoring finely for them in ten minutes. Cook, Everton's centre forward, with a kick on the body, and could not but Everton's defence was good and attacks poor. It was Bolton's first home for eleven months.



E. M. Baerlein, who won his match in the rackets championship at Queen's Club.



Wragg, who rides the King's horse Bowood in the Queen's Prize on Monday.

NOTTS COUNTY ON TOP.

Second Division Clubs' Great Fight for Promotion—West Ham's Setback.

The first stage of the Easter holiday football programme has left Notts County leaders of the Second Division, and with half a dozen clubs all having an excellent chance of gaining promotion, the fight at the head of the table grows keener than ever. Leicester's defeat at Fulham lost them first place, and West Ham jeopardised their chance of going up by only drawing at home with Bury.

Notts County on Top.—It was a poor game at Selhurst, where Notts County prevailed by the solitary goal. Neither goalkeeper had a difficult task in the first half, thanks mainly to the adoption by the County backs of one-back tactics. Defences were always uppermost until Cook made a clever opening, from which Hill scored. This is the first point recorded against the Palace at Selhurst since Christmas. The game between Fulham and Leicester was dead fast, but never brilliant. The Cottagers deserved their win, the goals being obtained by Shea and McKay.

Record at Upton Park.—The Cup finalists disappointed a record crowd of 31,000 people, who paid £1,970 for admission, by failing to do better than a goalless draw with Bury. More unexpected, though, was the home defeat of Derby County by Hull City, who scored through Hall and Martin without response from the Rams.

WOLVES JUST LOSE.

Bad for Wolves.—Wolverhampton Wanderers dropped two more valuable points away against Port Vale. They fought hard, and though they had Marshall off the field injured for a time, they were only beaten by a goal to nil. Page being the scorer. Despite a splendid display by Matfield at full back, South Shields lost 3-0 at Old Trafford. Manchester United could not score in the first half, but Lockhead and Goldthorpe (two) scored afterwards.

Two for Leeds.—The meeting of the Yorkshire rivals Leeds United and Rotherham County, at Elland-road, produced a keen game with the home team generally the superior side. Powell scored for them in the first half and Whipp headed in from Harris' centre five minutes from time, to give them their second point.

Bristol Drop a Point.—Bristol City, leaders of the Third Southern Division, unexpectedly dropped a point in their home match with Aberdeen. They did nearly all the attacking, but their shooting was woefully weak. Plymouth were in one of their brilliant moods against Exeter, who, after setting the lead in the first few minutes of the game at Home Park, were beaten by 5 to 1. Fowler did the "hat trick" for the winners, whose other goals were scored by Jack and Corcoran.

London Successes.—Queen's Park Rangers did Bristol City a good turn by beating Swansea 2-1 at Shepherd's Bush, and Millwall were just too good for Brighton in a good game at New Cross. Tranmere Rovers, for whom Sayer scored three times, greeted the surprise of the day in the Northern Section by beating Wigan Borough by 4 to 0. At Nelson were not engaged, Chesterfield a 2 to 0 victory at Rochdale took them to the top with the Lancashire club.

SIKI'S QUIANT IDEA.

He Beat McTigue Because the Irishman Is Still Bandaged.

Battling Siki. in order to get from Ireland to France, took passage by the small cargo steamer Finola, which got into Cork Harbour yesterday morning from Dublin on her way to Havre. She leaves Cork to-day for France. Siki said he would return to Ireland in the course of a couple of weeks to meet Bartley Madden in Dublin on April 26. Siki still says he beat McTigue. "If I did not," he would not be bandaged at all. I got £200 out of it, and £200 more are to come from film rights."



A Bury forward shooting at West Ham's goal. There was no score.

LAWN TENNIS FINALISTS.

B. I. C. Norton and A. A. Fyfe in Dulwich Finals.

The finalists in the men's singles of the hard court tournament at the Gallery Club, Dulwich, are B. I. C. Norton and A. Fyfe, and the Hon. Mrs. Colston said Miss Holman have qualified for the women's final.

In the men's final Norton beat N. Mishu, the Rumanian international, by 2 sets to love, the score being 7-5, 6-3, whilst Fyfe, after losing the first set to A. C. Bolgrave of 4-6, was the far more accurate in the next two sets, which he won at 6-3 and 6-0.

The women's semi-finals provided two capital matches. Mrs. Colston and Mrs. Edgington had a long base line struggle before the former won at 7-5, 6-4. Miss Holman was hard pressed by Miss Head before winning by 6-3, 7-4, 10-8.

PELL STILL WINNING.

American Qualifies to Meet Baerlein in Rackets Semi-Final.

The first round was concluded and the second and third stages advanced in the amateur rackets championship at Queen's Club on Thursday. The Army champion, Captain T. O. Jamieson, had a stern struggle with J. F. C. Simpson, a joint holder of the doubles championship, before the former won after five games had been played.

In the second round H. W. Leatham won his match by brilliant play against R. D. while C. Pell, the American, and E. M. Baerlein, several times winner of the championship, qualified to meet in the semi-final stage.

HOCKEY IN PARIS.

England and Ireland on Tour for International Games in the Gay City.

The coming of Easter practically ends the hockey season, and there are not many games played after April 1. There is, however, a very heavy programme for the enthusiasts during the holiday, and those who are spending their vacation in France will have the opportunity of witnessing a couple of interesting international matches. To-day England and France meet for the tenth time.

The other battle between two countries takes place at Paris on Monday, when Ireland meet France. For those people visiting home resorts there are several hockey festivals, and most of the leading clubs are engaged. Such functions will be in motion at Folkestone, Bournemouth, Scarborough, and Brighton, and about sixty games will be played during the holiday at these places alone.

MEMORIAL FUND HOCKEY.

Women Internationals to Play in Game for E. E. White's Widow.

The All England Women's Hockey Association is promoting a match entitled English Reds v. Blues, which will be played on the Kew Hard Courts Club ground, Mortlake-road, next Thursday, in aid of the Eustace E. White Memorial Fund.

Many past and present international players will be taking part, including Mrs. E. E. White, Miss D. Doman, Miss Knott, Miss Light, Miss P. Scarlett, Miss Bryan, Miss Bryant, Miss Willcock and Miss Pollard.

The fund is being raised for the benefit of Mr. White's widow.

HOW THEY FARED.

Results of Good Friday Matches in the Big Football Leagues.

DIVISION I.			
Aston V.	1	Chelsea	0
Bolton V.	0	Everton	2
Burnley	1	Cardiff	5
Liverpool	2	Sheff. Utd.	1
		Oldham	0
		Derby	0

DIVISION II.			
Blackpool	0	Stockport	0
Crystal P.	0	Notts Co.	1
Derby Co.	0	Hull	2
Fulham	2	Leicester	0
		West Ham	0
		Bury	0

DIVISION III. (S.).			
Brentford	0	Southend	0
Gillingham	1	Luton	0
Bristol C.	0	Aberl.	0
Brighton	2	Brighton	1
Plymouth	5	Exeter	1

DIVISION III. (N.).			
Crews A.	0	Walsall	0
Grimby	0	Darlington	1
Don	0	Accington	0
Rochdale	0	Chefield	2

RUGBY UNION.—Mountain Ash 16 pts., Headingley 3; Maccles 25, London Welsh 48; Llanelli 25, Welsh University 10.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL.

Arsenal's Attractive Home Game with Aston Villa.

LIVERPOOL'S TASK.

At home at Aston Villa, Arsenal have the most attractive fixture in London this afternoon, though many will prefer the local Derby between Crystal Palace and West Ham at Selhurst. Other League games in the metropolis this afternoon are Fulham v. Leeds, Brentford v. Bristol City and Charlton v. Swansea.

Arsenal will have to put their best foot forward to repeat last season's 2-0 victory against Leeds, as the latter have a great opportunity of challenging Sunderland for the distinction of being runners-up.

The home team have one advantage—they will start fresher than their opponents. The Highbury side did not meet anyone yesterday, whereas the Villa extended themselves against Chelsea, so perhaps, with this factor in their favour, the points may remain in the city.

Liverpool, champions as well as prospective champions, may have to be content with a point against Birmingham, who are in very serious a state that they are certain to battle hard for a share of the spoils, at least. A draw is the result indicated.

FINALISTS SHOULD WIN.

Blackburn Rovers and Bolton Wanderers should each record home victories. The former meet Oldham, who seem to have only one chance of escaping relegation, while Middlesbrough have cracked up so badly in the last few weeks that they start the Cup with a very small margin.

After their great performance yesterday Cardiff will start top favourites for their match with Preston North End, especially as White Hart Lane, where McCull, who was injured at White Hart Lane, Everton and Burnley in a somewhat subdued mood, and should win something to spare, while Huddersfield are doing well enough to suggest the possibility of their success at home against Newcastle United.

Chelsea had a hard game with Aston Villa yesterday, and will therefore hardly expect to succeed next at Manchester, where they are in a very bad way out of fortune this season. David Calderhead will tell you there are now three sorts of luck—bad luck, very bad luck, and Chelsea's right.

Stoke should beat Nottingham Forest, but the Spurs may hold Sunderland to a division of honours, if they went North after yesterday's match with Preston, and will stay there until after Monday's game at Preston. West Bromwich Albion and Sheffield United should provide a close game, in which ground advantage should tell in favour of the Throstles.

IN THE SECOND DIVISION.

West Ham will have to fight hard for success against Crystal Palace, but the Cup finalists may have it off. Barnum's form should account for Coventry City, but the probable outcome of the clash between Blackpool and Manchester United is a draw.

Round Hamerton way they will tell you they are confident of escaping relegation, but their hopes against Derby County can be but small. Exeter have in Leeds a body of opponents with an almost identical League record, but ground advantage should turn the scale in their favour.

In the Third Division, Bristol City should beat Brentford at Griffin Park, as the home club are in much the same way as the visitors. Exeter and Swindon are very close rivals, and a draw should be the outcome of their meeting at Eastville. A similar result may be expected after Monday's game between Charlton and Swansea and Exeter and Luton.

Queen's Park Rangers, strengthened by the return of Bain, will run Merthyr close, but the Welshmen are stronger now than they have been at any time this season, and might just escape home. Millwall will find Northampton a difficult side to beat on their own pitch, while Plymouth should win at their home record of two seasons' standing as a result of the visit of Aberdeen.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

News Items and Gossip About Men and Matters of the Moment.

Bitlards.—Smith 15,500, Falkner 12,152; Peal 5,555, Rees 3,540.

Lake Wins.—Bugler-Lake beat George Clark on points at Plymouth last night in a well-contested bout.

At the Ring on Thursday.—Johnny Curley and Johnny Chislett boxed a draw after a very strenuous contest.

News Agency Football.—On the Clapton Orient ground the Exchange Telegraph beat the Press Association by 3 goals to 1.

Boys' Championship.—The opening of the Boys' Championship of England will be played on Tuesday next at the Bursat Hall, Soho-square.

Senior Clubs.—The Essex v. London Football League match yesterday, Dulwich Hamlet beat Haysom 3-0 and Sparta (Rotherham) beat Leytonstone 3-1.

Millwall's Amateur.—The Essex v. London Football League match yesterday, Dulwich Hamlet beat Haysom 3-0 and Sparta (Rotherham) beat Leytonstone 3-1.

Mrs. Mallory Beaten.—Mrs. D. Vlasto, of Greece, defeated Mrs. Mallory in the third round of the women's open lawn tennis singles by 8-6, 9-7, at Cannes.

Tonight at the Ring.—Tonight's special event, the Ring, will be a fifteen rounds contest between Fred Archer (St. George's) and Fred Smith (Bermondsey) at 10st. 9lb.

Schools Football.—For the Essex v. London Football League match at Upton Park next Thursday, the selected Essex side includes representatives from West Ham, Leyton, Walthamstow, Grays, and Colchester, and four of the undefeated East Ham team.

Railway International Football.—At Tufnell Park yesterday, for the Railway International between England and Scotland, the English team won 4-0. Davell, the Hford forward, scored three goals for England, and Pringle (Carlisle) the fourth.

Women Golfers at Ranelagh.—So many entries are being received for the Ladies' Golf Club's annual tournament at Ranelagh on April 24 and 25, that it is almost certain the limit of 150 will be reached before April 10, the original date of closing. Intending competitors are urged to enter should, therefore, do so forthwith.

Yesterday's Hockey.—Folkestone Festival. Across the Oxford University (Folkestone) 1, Myles 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 84

FUNERAL OF
SARAH BERNHARDT
STRIKING PICTURES
ON PAGES 8 AND 9.

An Easter Competition* for Children
on page 12

DON'T MISS THE
VERY FUNNY
MUTT AND JEFF
CARTOON ON PAGE 15.

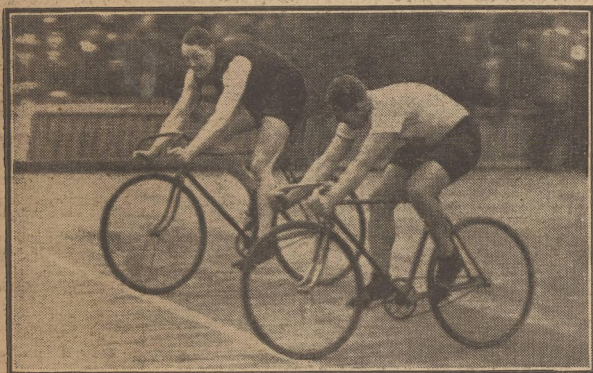
The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

GOOD FRIDAY SPORT: WEST HAM, LONDON'S FINALISTS, WEAKEN CHANCE OF PROMOTION



Richards (dark shirt, left), of West Ham, gets the ball away towards Watson with three opponents on him.



Exciting finish of international cycling match at Herne Hill. Willie Spencer (in white), American champion, awarded the race, and W. Bailey (English champion).



H. M. Ellis, of Catford, winning the two-mile motor-paced race.



AFTER GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE.—Girls of the famous Foundling Hospital in Guilford-street, London, leaving church after service on Good Friday morning. Their quaint dress is very picturesque.



Heads in air after a corner kick by Bury, who, like their opponents, West Ham, failed to score.



The Spurs' goal. Branston on the ground in the effort to save.

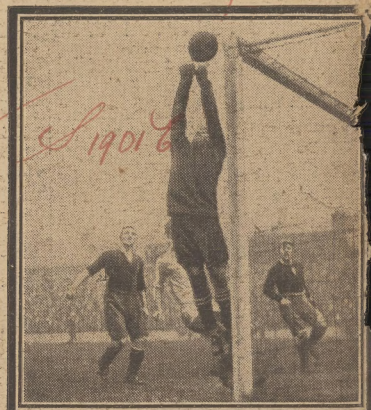
With Notts County winning West Ham weakened their chances of promotion to the First Division of the League by only drawing with Bury. The Spurs, who played yesterday morning, drew 1-1 with Preston North End at Tottenham.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Heads busy near the Brighton goal. Millwall beat Brighton by two goals to one.



Seed (left) of the Spurs and Gilchrist, of Preston, having a hot race for the ball.



Branston, the Preston goalkeeper, makes a fine save from a shot by Seed.